

In Dreams.

She comes to me in dreams,
Just as of old;
With form of fragile grace,
The sweet remembered face.
Even her garment's fold
If just the same—
In dreams she comes to me,
Only in dreams.

She comes to me in dreams,
No change is there,
No gathering shade of gloom,
No hint of coming doom,
Is on her face so fair.
In dreams she comes to me,
Only in dreams.

She comes to me in dreams,
When glittering light
Shall drive earth clouds away,
And with its welcome ray
Bring the long looked for day,
Heaven's morning bright—
Then will she come to me;
Or must it ever be
That I her face shall see,
Only in dreams?

WHY I JOINED THE DETECTIVES.

"Can I sit with you?"
"Certainly, sir."
"Nice weather."
"Splendid, indeed."
"Crops growing finely."
"Yes, couldn't do better."

I was sitting in a car on the Wisconsin Railroad, one day years ago, when a good looking, pleasant spoken man came along, stopped at my seat, and the above conversation took place, the latter part of it after I had given him part of my seat.

Now I am regarded as a social man. I like a joke, more so than now. On entering a railroad car I always looked about for a talkative man, and then I got as close to him as possible, and drained him dry, if the journey was long enough.

And I want to state one thing more. Left an orphan before I could realize the sad event which made me one, I got kicked here and cuffed there, and grew up between folds, as they say. I ought to have had at the time of which I write, a pretty thorough knowledge of human nature, and have been enabled to read evil in a man's face if he intended me evil. I did not pride myself on being over sharp, but the knocking around among strangers ought to have given any one a good experience.

Well, the stranger and I fell into an easy train of conversation as we rode together, and in ten minutes I began to enjoy his company. He was a well made fellow, finely dressed, and wore a fine watch and a simple pure diamond ring. I never saw a man who could talk so easily and so pleasantly. It seemed that he had been to open his mouth and the words fell right out.

I had traveled in the South; so had he; I had heard the roar of the Pacific; he knew all about it. I had been up in a balloon, down in a mine, been blown up, smashed up, and repaired again and again; my new friend had experienced all these things, and was wishing for something of a more startling nature. We agreed on politics, neither had any religion, and I had never met such a railroad companion.

Did you ever meet a man who thought a stranger to you ten minutes before, could wrest from you your secrets which you had sworn to yourself not to reveal? Well, he was such a man. It was not long before he commenced asking me questions. He did not seem trying to quiz or draw me out, but he asked me questions in such a sly, roundabout way, that before I knew it I was giving him my history.

I was at that time just on the point of being admitted to the bar of Wisconsin as a student of Law & Law, of Brinville. The firm were old lawyers with a lucrative practice, and it had been talked over that in about a month I should become the "Co." of the firm. A year before a farmer named Preston, down about four miles from Grafton, died, and his matters had been put in the hands of Law & Law for settlement. Preston had died rich. He had money in bank, railroad stocks and mortgages, etc., and everything was settled to the satisfaction of the relief and fatherless.

About a year before his death, being pinched for money, and not wishing to sell anything at a sacrifice, Preston had given a mortgage on his farm for \$3,000. While the papers read "for one year from date," there was a verbal agreement that it should be lifted any day that Preston desired. A month after, when, having the funds to clear off the paper, the "old money bags" holding it refused to discharge, wishing to secure his interest for a year.

I was on my way to learn the date of expiration. A fire among our office papers had destroyed the memoranda, and I must go down and get the date from old Serip, who lived South of Grafton about five miles. The stranger pumped this all out of me in about ten minutes, and yet I never once suspected he was receiving any information.

"I am not positive," I added, "but I am pretty sure that the time is the 13th, which would be Tuesday next."

"And then your folks will send you down with the money and discharge the mortgage, of course?"

"Oh, yes, I shall most likely bring it down," I replied, and it never occurred to me how imprudent I was.

He turned the conversation into other channels, and did not once attempt to pump me further. We got to Grafton at 10.50, and to my great surprise he announced that he was to stop in the town on business for a few days. I had not asked his name or avocation, while he knew everything about me.

We went to the hotel and had dinner, and then I secured a livery team and drove out, getting through with the business so that I was back to take the 3.20 express East. My friend was on the porch of the hotel as I drove up, carrying the same honest, dignified face.

"Well, did you find out?" he inquired in his pleasant way.

"Yes, it was on the 13th, as I expected," I replied.

We took lunch together, and when we shook hands and parted I had no more idea of ever meeting him again than I had of

should sail for England within a week or ten days, and should not return to America. At parting he gave me his card. It was a modest piece of pasteboard, and bore the name of "George Raleigh," in old English text.

Everything at the office went on as usual, and the 13th came at length. Law & Law had arranged with me to go down with the money and I had looked upon it as a business of special importance.

"We know you are all right," remarked the senior partner, as I was about to go; "but I want to give you a word of warning, nevertheless. Don't take any stranger into your confidence until you have passed out the money, and look who sits next to you."

It was something new for him to caution me, and I could not but wonder at it; but in the bustle of getting aboard the train I forgot what he said. Ordinary prudence had induced me to place the money, which was all in bank bills and divided into three packages, under my shirt and next to my skin, where the deft hand of a pickpocket could not reach it.

Interested in a newspaper, time flew by as the train flew past, and at length the hoarse voice of a brakeman warned me that I had reached Grafton. I leaped down and was making for a livery stable, when I heard a familiar voice, and looked up to see Raleigh. He was seated in a buggy, and had seemingly waited for me to come in.

"Don't express your surprise," he began, as I stopped at the wheel. "I did intend to go away. I changed my mind, and like this section so well that I am going out to-day to look at a farm with a view of purchasing—come, ride up to the hotel."

We rode up, ordered lunch, and while we were discussing it, Mr. Raleigh discovered that the farm he was going to see was just beyond that of old Serip's.

How fortunate! I could ride out with him, see the farm, return in his company, and he was greatly pleased.

I was also pleased. If any man had told me that George Raleigh meant to return with my money in his pocket and my blood upon his hands, I should have believed him a lunatic. And yet George Raleigh had planned to do that very thing.

It was a lovely day in June, and the cool breeze and the sight of meadows and green groves made my heart grow larger. My companion was very talkative, but he didn't even hint at my errand. He talked as far away as he could.

"Oh! excuse me!" he exclaimed, after we had passed a mile beyond the village, and were among the farm houses, "I should have offered you this before."

He drew from his pocket a small flask of wine and handed it to me. Now I was temperate in regard to drinks. In fact, I detested the sight and smell of anything intoxicating. But I had not the moral courage to tell him so, and hand back the flask undisturbed. I feared to offend him, and so I drank perhaps three good swallows.

He called my attention to the woods on the left, as he received back the flask, and I when I looked around again, he was just removing it from his mouth, as if he had drunk heartily.

In about five minutes I began to feel queer. The fence along the road seemed to grow higher, and the trees grow longer; something came to my ears so that the rattle of the buggy sounded a long way off.

"How strange! Why, I believe I am going to be sick!" I exclaimed, holding on to the seat with all my might.

"You do look strange!" he replied, a snaky smile stealing over his face; "I shouldn't wonder if it was apoplexy."

I did not suspect the game he had played. His words were like an echo, and his face seemed twice as large as it was. My head began to spin, and my brain began to snap and crack, and I was terribly frightened.

"You are badly off," he continued, looking into my face. "I will drive as fast as possible and get a doctor."

My tongue was so heavy that I could not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my eyes, and he put his horse to his best pace. We met a farmer's team, and I can remember that one of the occupants of the wagon called out to know what ailed the man.

Raleigh did not reply, but urged his horse forward.

About three miles from Grafton was a long stretch of forest, and this was soon reached. The pain in my head was not so violent, and was not so badly affected when opening my eyes. I had settled into a sort of dumb stupor, with a brain so benumbed that I had to say to myself: "This is a tree, this is a stump," etc., before I could make sure that I was not wrong. Half a mile down the road after we struck the forest, and then Raleigh turned the horse into a road leading back into the woods. I could not understand what he intended. I tried to grapple with the question but could not solve it.

"Well, here we are!" exclaimed Raleigh when he had reached a point forty rods from the main road.

He stopped the horse, got out and hitched him, and then came round to the wheel.

"You don't feel just right, but I guess you will be better soon," he said. "Come let me help you down."

He reached up his arms, and I let go the seat and fell into them. It seemed to me as if I weighed a ton, but he carried me along without an effort, and laid me down within a rod of a fence, which ran along on one side of an old pasture. The effect of the drugs was wearing off, and I got a faint suspicion that something unusual had happened. But I was powerless to move a limb; the sensation was like that when your foot goes to sleep.

"Can you speak?" inquired Raleigh, bending over me. "Because, if you can it will save me some trouble. I want to know just where you stored away that money."

Now I began to realize my situation. His face looked natural again, and the load was off my tongue. I also felt that I could move my fingers a little.

"George Raleigh! are you going to rob me?" I asked, finding my voice at last.

"Well, some folks might call it 'robbing,' but we dress up the term a little by calling it the only correct financial way of equalizing the floating currency, so that each one is provided for, and no one left out."

"You shan't have the money; I will die first!" I yelled, raising a little.

"Ah! I see—didn't take quite enough," he coolly remarked. "Well, I have pro-

He went to the buggy, procured ropes and a gag, and knelt down beside me. I had but little strength yet, and he conquered me in a moment. Laying me down on my right side, looking toward the fence, he tied my hands behind me, and then forced the gag into my mouth.

"There now! You see you are nicely fixed up, and all because you acted like a fool, instead of a sensible young lawyer soon to be admitted to the bar."

While he was speaking—indeed, while he was tying me, I caught sight of a little girl looking at us from between the rails of the fence. I could see her great blue eyes, and knew that she was frightened. There were red stains around her mouth and on the little hand resting on the rail, and I knew that she was a farmer's child searching for strawberries. I could not warn her of her danger, and I feared that she would be seen or heard. While Raleigh was tying the last knot I winked at the little girl as hard as I could, hoping that she would move away, but she did not go.

"Well, now for the money," said Raleigh and he began searching my pockets. He went from one to another, removing all the articles, felt down my boot leg, and then finally pressed his hand over my bosom and found the money.

"Ho! ho! it is!" he exclaimed, displaying the package. "I don't believe that old Serip will see any of this to-day."

He sat near my head, undid the packages, and was cool enough to go at it to count the money. As he commenced, the little girl waved her hand at me. My heart was thumping, for I expected that she would utter a word or a shout, but she sank down from sight, and I caught a gleam of her frock as she passed through the grass.

"You see, my young friend," remarked Raleigh, as he drew off one of his boots and deposited some of the bills in it, "there is nothing like transacting business as it should be transacted. Some men would have shot or stabbed you, but it is only apprentices who do such work. All the real gentlemen of our calling do business as gentlemen should."

He drew off the other boot and placed some "fifties" and "twenties" in it, and then continued:

"I have it all planned out how to deal with you as soon as I get this money disposed of around my person. I shall lay you on your back and pour the balance of the wine down your throat. There's enough of it to make you sleep until to-morrow night, and by that time I shall be hundreds of miles away. As soon as I see the drug take effect I shall untie your hands and remove the gag. When you come out of your sleep—if you ever do—you had better crawl out to the road, where you will most likely meet some traveler soon. I want to use the horse and buggy, otherwise I would leave them for you."

How coolly he talked. He treated the matter as if it were a regular transaction in which I fully acquiesced. He had me a fast prisoner, and I felt that he could do just as he pleased. While I was thinking, I saw the little white face appear between the rails again, but in a moment it faded away and its place was taken by the sun burned phiz of a farmer. He looked from me to Raleigh and went back again, and I winked at him in a way which he readily understood. His face disappeared, and I felt that I should be saved.

"No, old Serip won't get his tin to-day," mused Raleigh, storing away the bills in his pockets. "You will go back to Law & Law feeling put up and out, but they couldn't blame you; it is not your fault at all. True, had you minded your business on the car and not been so free with a stranger, this would not have happened. I was on my way to Milwaukee, and had no thought of such rich picking here."

I saw nothing of the farmer. Raleigh finished his counting and I made up my mind that the farmer was afraid to interfere and had run away. My heart went down as Raleigh got up, for I saw that he was about to carry out his plan for further drugging me. He turned me on my back, sat down astride of me, and then pulled out his flask.

"Now, in just about a minute we'll be through with this business," he remarked, trying to put the mouth of the flask between my jaws.

I rolled my head to one side, and he did not succeed. He was jamming the flask against my teeth, when I caught the sound of a soft step, the crash of a club, and Raleigh rolled off my body. He tried to leap up, but three or four farmers struck him down, and one of the blows rendered him senseless. Before he came to, I was free of ropes and gags, and we had him securely bound.

Over beyond the pasture a farmer and his hands were raking hay. "Little Blue Eyes," only eight years old, had wandered off after strawberries, and had, fortunately for me, witnessed a part of Raleigh's proceedings. She had hurried back to her father and told him that "a man was all tied up out there." Understanding the situation, he and his men had moved around so as to secure an advantage, and Raleigh's capture was the result.

When the rascal found his senses he was terribly taken back, and cursed enough for a whole Flanders army. We took him back to Grafton, and when I saw him again he was on his way to the penitentiary to serve a sentence of fifteen years.

The mortgage was duly lifted, and the gift which Law & Law sent Katy Gray kept her in dresses for many years.

For myself, I felt so humiliated at having fallen into the rascal's trap, and so wrathful at the treatment, that I determined to devote myself to a thorough warfare on rogues. I therefore joined the detective force and after due study, took my place as a full fledged detective.

State of South Carolina.

COOKE COUNTY.

By Richard Lewis, Esq., Judge of Probate.

WHEREAS, Jesse W. Strubling has made suit to me to grant him Letters of Administration, with the will annexed, of the Estate and Effects of Wm. Jones, deceased—

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said Wm. Jones, deceased, that they be, and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Wallhalla, S. C., on Saturday, 17th of July, instant, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal, this the 30th day of June, Anno Domini 1880.

RICHARD LEWIS,

Judge of Probate of Cooke County.

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State South Carolina.

COUNTY OF COOKE.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLACES.

James C. Ellard, plaintiff,

against

Charissa S. Ellard, nee Shirley, defendant.

Summons for Relief.

To the above named Defendant:

YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in the above stated action, which is filed in the Clerk's office for said county, and to serve a copy of your answer on the subscriber at his office on the public square in Wallhalla, in said State, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of service, and upon your failure to do so, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

June 14th, 1880. J. J. NORTON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

[L.S.] J. W. STRIBLING, C. C. P.

To the Defendant above named:

PLEASE take notice that the complaint in the above stated action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Places, on the 14th day of June, 1880, and that the object of said action is to declare the marriage contract between plaintiff and defendant null and void.

J. J. NORTON, Plaintiff's attorney.

June 17, 1880 31-6m

JOHN ANSEL,

WALLHALLA, S. C.

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NOTICE.

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COLUMBIA, S. C., July 5, 1880.

All persons having claims against the

Greenville & Columbia Railroad, contracted

during my administration as Receiver, are

requested to present them on or before the

15th of July instant, or they will be deemed

payment.

JAMES CONNER,

Receiver Greenville & Columbia Railroad,

July 8, 1880 34-11.

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